The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces; authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F.

Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Entered as second class matter at United States Army Post Office, Paris, France.

Guy T. Viskniskki, Capt., Inf., Officer in Charge.

Advertising Director for the United States and Canada: A. W. Erickson, 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City.

General Advertising Agents for Great Britain: The Dorland Agency Ltd., 16 Regent Street, London, S.W.1.

Fifty centimes a copy. Subscription price to soldiers, 8 francs for six months; to civilians, 10 francs for six months. Local French paper money not accepted in payment. In England, to soldiers, 6s. 6d. for six months; to civilians, 8s. Civilian subscriptions from the United States $2 for six months. Advertising rates on application.

THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2,A.E.F.,1Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Telephone, Gutenberg 12.95. London Office, Goring Hotel, London, S.W.1.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1918.

PEACE BY THE SWORD, NOT BY TALK

Austria, tool of Germany, on Saturday addressed a note to the Allied Governments proposing "a meeting of delegates in a neutral country in order to begin confidential and unobligatory conversations on the fundamental principles of the conclusion of peace."

"The fundamental principles!" There are no "fundamental principles." There is just one fundamental principle of the conclusion of peace, and it was never more clearly stated than when President Wilson, on signing the new man power bill, said:

"We solemnly purpose a decisive victory of arms."

Until that victory comes—until Germany and her chief partner in crime meet their Waterloo, their Appomattox, the Yorktown—their must be no peace, nor talk of peace. And the peace that then will come will not be a talked out peace with the criminal nations, but a peace of justice given them by the sword.

It is only by beating the bullying Teuton to his knees and making him impotent to repeat his rape of law and right that peace can come to the world.

Onward, then, to that decisive victory we solemnly purpose, be it a matter of months or years away. And he who talks or whispers, thinks or dreams peace meantime is a Benedict Arnold both to that great host which has died to keep men free, and to that other great host which today as freely offers its life to the same glorious cause, on the battlefields of France.

ST. MIHIEL

The reduction of the St. Mihiel salient is a great feat of American arms. We can frankly say so because our Allies have frankly said so before us.

But, more than that, it is significant because it is the answer to wearying months of preparation, of training, of endless toiling in base ports and throughout the reaches of the S.O.S., of interminable weeks in quiet sectors, of sharp clashes with a foe swollen with success, not willing to be checked, but checked just the same—of all that goes to make a great army ready for the greatest job its country has ever undertaken.

It is not a case of "all over but the shouting." There will be bitter days before the time for shouting comes. But St. Mihiel is a flying start. It is proof that America is in the war, heart and soul—and muscle. It is America's finest answer—ahead of time—to Austria's German inspired bid for peace.

NAPOLEON WAS RIGHT

Of Sergeant Gerald P. Landry, D.S.C., of the -- Machine Gun Battalion, it is written:

When his platoon commander was incapacitated by wounds near Soissons he displayed instant initiative, effectively took command of his platoon and directed its movements with marked ability and courage during the remainder of the advance.

Of Sergeant James Levas, D.S.C., of the --Machine Gun Battalion, it is written:—

Between Berzy-le-Sec and Soissons he took charge of his platoon after his commander was killed. Soon afterward he himself was wounded, but he dressed his own wound and continued forward. In a later advance directed by him, he was severely wounded, but placed his gun in position, looked after the security of his men and reported those facts to his commanding officer before permitting himself to be taken to a dressing station.

"Instant initiative" - - "effectively took command"—"looked after the security of his men." Napoleon was right when he made his remark about the baton of leadership in every soldier's knapsack.

WHEN THE OLD MAN SIGNS UP

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, the old man was only 44 his last birthday—say, wouldn't it be a joke if they got him over here, too?

There wasn't a prouder person in the whole U.S.A. when Victor Melchizadek, Jr., got his commission something over a year ago. But what will Victor Melchizadek, Jr., think about it when, looking over the latest bunch of replacements, and wondering what in hell they've sent him now to make soldiers out of, he sees the old man there, trying to look the part of the middle-aged Napoleon he isn't?

They're taking them up to 45 now. Let's see, was the old man only 44 on his last birthday—or was it 45?

You try to remember whether he was born in '73 or '74. And one minute you're rather wishing it was '74, and the next you hope it was, after all, '73.

Still, even if he's three times as old as Methusaleh, he hasn't seen such a show as this in all his 2,907 years of existence. Why not let him in on it?

THE WAR IN NEW JERSEY

Railways running along or within a few miles of the Atlantic coast will be utilized to carry anti-aircraft guns in the event of a German airplane raid. This plan of protecting even the small hamlets that dot the long reaches of the coast has been discussed by New York and Federal officials. One of the former said:

"The proposed new balloon and seaplane stations to guard against submarine and air attack can be utilized nicely as storage points for mobile anti-aircraft guns which are intended to be transferred quickly from one point to another to meet threatened attack.

"For the sake of illustration, say there is created one zone from New York to the Jersey Highlands. Word comes of a possible attack on Asbury Park, say. Within a few seconds the railway cars containing the anti-aircraft guns would be on their way and the German aeros would meet with the surprise of their lives with guns belching at them from unexpected points."

The quotation is from *Aerial Age*, normally rational. It adds that the cars could be "thoroughly protected and camouflaged, also."

Sunday supplement editors have been having quite a time lately about possible air raids on New York. The subject has given the imaginative space writers and illustrators a big opportunity—at five dollars a column. Let them keep it up. A darkened New York saves fuel, which is precious, and it won't do any damage to let the people back home suffer a little distant apprehension. It might be good thing, for example, for every city in the United States to observe a "war night." They could shut off all the lights, send the fire department through the streets sounding a siren, shoot off some firecrackers for a barrage, duck into the cellars, and come up after a couple of hours and sigh, "Well, now we know what London and Paris go through."

The air scare, if it has any effect at all, will do more good than harm. But they can't blame us for smiling when they talk about dashing up the Atlantic coast with a 40-mile-an-hour camouflaged freight train to give a 120-mile-an-hour airplane "the surprise of its life."

"FOR THE GOOD OF BASEBALL"

It is hoped that the 30-odd trim, athletic young gentlemen who played or warmed a bench through the 1918 world's baseball championship will, by the time this appears in print, have salted their season's profits, and have joined the Army or, at least, have gone to work—not ball playing—in a shell factory or a shipyard.

"For the good of baseball, we will play," said these 30-odd young gentlemen the other day after they had held a crowd of 25,000 waiting in the bleachers for an hour while they and their owners wrangled over the division of the proceeds—after they had wasted 25,000 man hours, made trebly precious by war needs, not counting their own.

Before the 1918 world's baseball series was finished another world's series started up on the Lorraine frontier—a world's series where there weren't any 25,000 people sitting in the grandstand to cheer the players on, a world's series where the split-up was considerably under $800 per man, a world's series where the stake was human life and the reward the knowledge of an American's duty done. In this second world's series were some of the baseball players who didn't wait around to share in the money and the glory of the first.

Might we suggest that, when this old world is running again on an even keel—when the clerks have gone back to clerking and the brokers back to brokering and the baseball players back to baseball—*these men* who today are throwing grenades instead of baseballs, who are wielding bayonets instead of bats, will be adjudged the men who played the game "for the good of baseball"?

TWO CANTEENS

In a certain railroad junction town in the S.O.S. there is a canteen, run by Americans for American soldiers of all grades, trades and conditions. Every man who comes in there is treated as one of the family, whether he be belted or unbelted, white or black, grammatical or ungrammatical.

This canteen is always crowded, and its praises are sung by appreciative Yanks up and down many a weary mile of S.O.S. trackage.

In another junction town of the S.O.S. not many miles away there is another canteen, run by the same general organization. It sells a greater variety of articles than the other, and has more room and a larger personnel. But the average buck private, returning from his trip to the counter, has much the same feeling of utter smallness that he used to have when he came out of the principal's office in school back home.

This canteen is never crowded, and you never hear it spoken of up and down the line.

THE RAINBOW

It is a good thing that there is no difference between salutes. If there were—if a General Staff officer were entitled to one kind and an Artillery officer to another—we should be due for a long course of study in the new overseas cap piping system.

As it is, all we have got to do is to remember that if the piping is dark blue, gray, yellow with scarlet threads, anything like that, the wearer is entitled to a salute.

Incidentally, in all this new color scheme, we mourn the absence of that staunch old American favorite—silver threads among the gold.

HERE AND THERE

It almost always surprises our French friends to learn that New Mexico and New Jersey are about as far apart as Carrie Nation and the Model License League. Some of them, educated by the movies, imagine that cowboys roam through the canyons adjacent to Wall Street, New York, and that buffaloes woof and snort and paw the earth on Boston common.

For our own part, most of us are in turn hazy as to the location of French places. It comes as a sort of shock to learn that Nice is not on the Atlantic coast, or that Lyon is not one of the base ports the names of which we can't use in our letters. And it is little short of shattering when the truth finally comes home to us that the province of Maine, France, is as inland as Iowa.

Something tells us that, as a result of our sojourn here, the little Willies of the future will pay even more attention to the contents of their jogerfries than the little Willies of the past paid to the copies of Diamond Dick and Frank Merriwell that they used to smuggle behind those bulky books. Something tells us, too, that the little Pierres of the future will be able to bound Oklahoma and define Kansas with the best of us.

THE ARMY'S POETS

JACKIE'S BIT

It's black as the gates of sheol, there's never a glint o' light,
And the crow's nest sways and the wind's in the stays as we buck through a dirty night;
The deck is a pitching platform, the hold is a heaving sink,
While the phosphor sparks wash by in the dark like a necklace, link on link.
It's a rotten time for a murder by a Hun and a U-boat crew,
But never you fret that you'll wake up wet, for the Navy'll see you through.

With two keen, clean guns to starboard and a fancy pair to port,
And a five to stern and good ammo to burn, we are primed for a bit of sport.
There's a wind browned gun crew Jackie to left and right at each bore,
Who will nudge the shield of a piece full heeled till we raise the coast we're for.
Not a deck but is cleared for action, not a post but a lookout's there,
So if Fritz should lurk for his blackguard work, he'd a damsight well take care.

When the hold is tiered with khaki, by raider and storm and mine,
It's the sailors' show, up aloft and below, to ferry us over the brine.
No trace of a full or flurry, they handle the whole parade,
And steer the jaunt past the subbies' haunt, still beating the old blockade.
All the run of the foam-fringed sea trail as the troopship toys with fate,
Let the soldier sleep on the snare-set deep while the Jackie guards his mate.

At Sea. Steuart M. Emery, A.E.F.

ON LEARNING FRENCH

Like silver bells heard in a mist,
Or moonstone echoes from some brook
Where silver birches wall a nook,
Or like sea ripples moon-lit kissed.

Or, like a lake of silver ledges
Where iris water-lilies lave,
Or like some lark's translucent wave
Of song above white hawthorn hedges.

The maiden ripples French to me;
But I am like some argonaut
In some mute agony of thought,
Lost in sound's sweet tranquillity.

Alfred J. Fritchey, Camp Hosp., 30.

THE LITTLE DREAMS

Now, France is a pleasant land to know
If you're back in a billet town,
And a hell of a hole for the human mole
Where the trenches burrow down;
But where doughboys be in their worn O.D.,
Whatever their daily grinds,
There's a little dream on this sort of theme
In the background of their minds:

"Oh, gee whiz, I'd give my mess kit
And the barrel off my gat
Just to take a stroll up Main Street
In a new Fedora hat;
Just to hit the Rexall Drug Store
For an ice-cream soda stew,
And not a doggoned officer
To tell me what to do."

Here's a youngster sprawled in an old shell hole
With a Chauchat at his eye;
There's some wide H.E. on the next O.P.
And a Fokker in the sky.
It's a hundred yards to his jump-off trench
And ten to the German wire,
But what does he hear, more loud and clear
Than the crack of harassing fire?

Echoed footsteps on the marble;
Throbs of a revolving door.
And the starter's ticking signal—
"Up! Express here—fourteenth floor!"
Click of coins on the cigar stand;
Two stout parties passing by—
"I sold short and took no chances;
Lackawanna's too damned high."

Here's a C.O. down in his dugout deep
Who once was a poor N.G.
The field-phone rings and someone sings
"Red Gulch, sir. 12—9—3
Is spilling lush on Mary Black;
Have Jane retaliate."
Two minutes more and he hears Jane roar,
While he thinks this hymn of hate:

"That north forty must look pretty,
Head-high, now, and ears all set;
And the haystacks in the meadow—
Wonder if they've mowed it yet?
Crickets clicking in the stubble;
Apples reddening on the trees—
Oh, good Lord, I'm seeing double;
That's not gas that made me sneeze!"

Here's a Q.M. warehouse, locked and still,
At the end of a village street;
The sunset red on the woods ahead
And a sentry on his beat.
The hour chimes from the ancient spire,
A child laughs out below,
And the sentry's eyes, on the western skies,
Behold, in the afterglow.

Row on row of smoking chimneys,
Long steel roofs and swinging cranes.
Maze of tracks and puffing engines.
Creeping strings of shunted trains,
Asphalt streets and stuccoed houses.
Lots, with brick and lath piled high;
Whips of shade threes by the curbings,
Yellow trolleys clanging by.

These are tawdry thoughts in an epic time
For martial souls to own?
They are thoughts, my friend, that we would not mend;
That are bred of our blood and bone.
A mustard shell, it is very well,
And an egg grenade's O.K.,
But we get our steam from our little dream
Of the good old U.S.A.

Cotton fields along the river,
Night lights streaming from a mill;
Corn, with curling leaves a-quiver,
Dump-cars, lining out a fill;
Presses roaring in a basement,
Woods, with waters gleaming through—
Kaiser Bill, we'll up and go there
When we've rid the world of you!

Joseph Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

FAITH

I have no faith of howling winds,
Nor of the surging, billowy sea;
My love, I know, will vigils keep
O'er stormy paths that wait for me.

And so with song I greet the dawn,
With hope I meet life's heavy hours,
For the stormy paths that wait for me
My love will change to rose-strewn bowers.

Fra Guido, — F.A.

THE R.T.O.

O hear the song of the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux."
He works in the day and he works at night.
For the men must go or the men can't fight.
They call him here and they call him there,
They ask him Why and they ask him Where.
O his cars don't come, but his cars must go.
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow,
If they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux.
Thus goes the song of the R.T.O.

O it's "How we love you, R.T.O.,
With your '40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux!'
Say, whadja do before the war—
Work in a packin' house? O Lor'!
We got an army in here now,
And we ain't got room for our packs and chow.
They's 40 Hommes aboard, you KNOW.
So come ahead with your 8 Chevaux,
And shout Allez and away we'll go.
O how we LOVE you, R.T.O.!"

Heaven help the R.T.O.
With his "40 Hommes or 8 Chevaux!"
He's got five hundred men to load
On a few small cars and a busy road.
O the war won't end if he don't make good,
'Cause he's got to send 'em the men and food,
Be it wet or dry or rain or snow,
And they call for Hommes or they want Chevaux—
There's hell to pay if the stuff don't go,
So Heaven help the R.T.O.

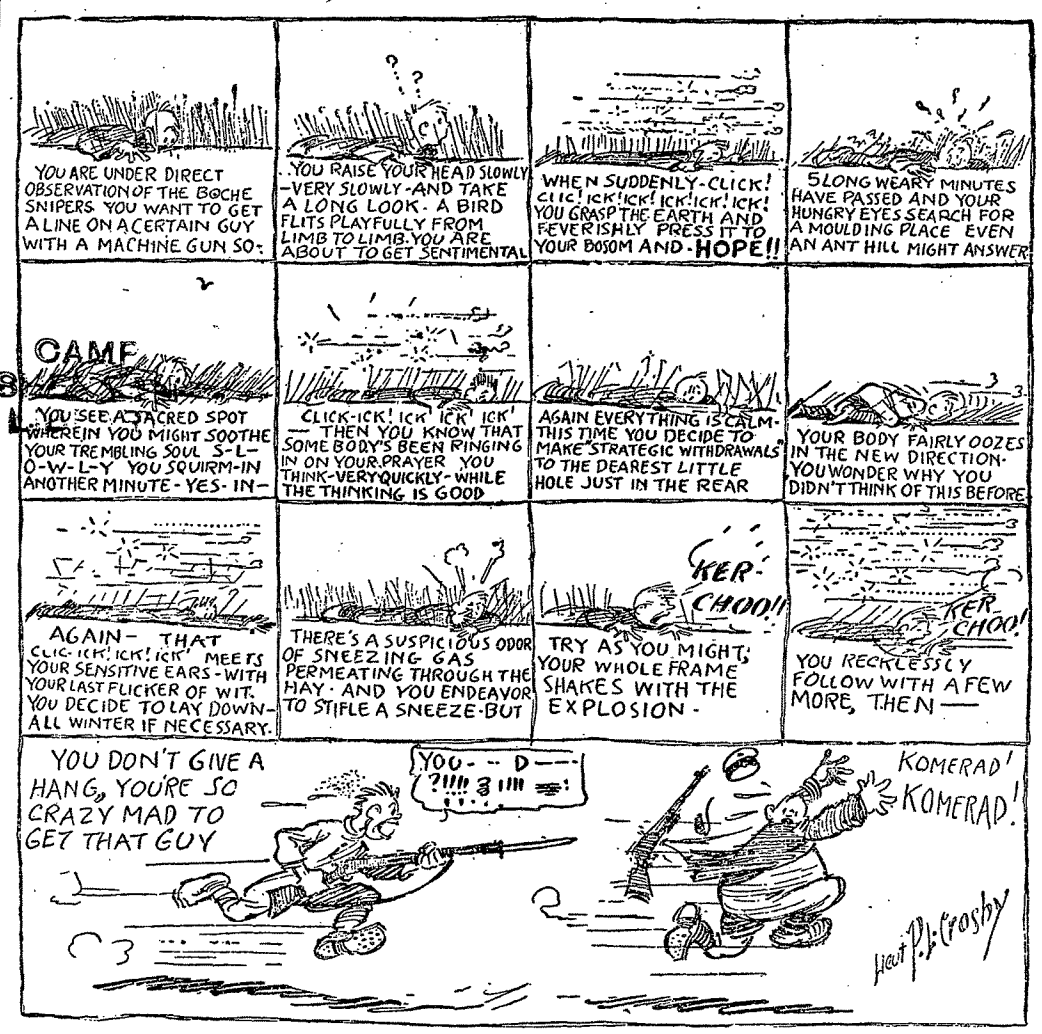
Sgt. A. P. Bowen, R.T.O.

THEN WE'LL COME BACK TO YOU

Some day, when screaming shells are but a dream
That vanished with the dawn of better days,
When Love and Faith are really what they seem,
And Treachery is lost in fleeting haze;
When each sweet day recalls a noble deed,
Wherein a blinding flash plays not a part,
And Truth at last has sown the godly seed
That springs to Trust and Joy in every heart;
Some day, though it be farther down the years
Than ever mortal gazed or planned ahead,
When we have made them pay for all your tears,
And squared accounts for comrades who have bled;
When we can feel that storms of Greed and Lust
Will nevermore engulf our skies of blue;
When you can live and know each sacred trust—
And not till then—will we come back to you.

Corp. Howard H. Herty, 1st Army, Hq. Reg.

IT'S EASY IF YOU GET SORE



A REDHEAD

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Are you really in earnest in your search for a red-headed, freckle-faced French girl who can throw a baseball, or was it just a color story born of the lonesome dreamings of one of your staff who has a sweetheart of that complexion and color at home?

In a recent edition you mention several girls of that blaze, but found none that would suit and none who could qualify for adoption. As a newspaperman, you'll pardon me if I say that your staff is falling down on you in not being able to discover an honest-to-goodness bit of color like that. It was the first thing I spotted in this hamlet, and probably the only thing I've found in France that resembles something I can find back in the States.

She's red-headed, brilliantly so, freckled and blotched—but they're beautiful freckles and glorious blotches—pug-nosed and wears a short scrubby pig tail tied tight. Back home you could run across her in every street of every city, from Boston, Worcester, Springfield, Pittsfield, Albany, Buffalo, Chicago, St. Paul, Denver and Salt Lake to San Francisco, including way stations. She's got wicked, laughing eyes of blue—just like our American sisters and others who used to bother us so much at home with their devilishly attractive glances, but whose power has vanished, now that Mr. Burleson stands between us.

She's a war orphan, too, one of four whom a little woman in black—the neighbors call her the petite dame—is trying to keep alive and happy in some sort of way, God knows how. Their father, whose picture petite dame carries on a locket when she comes out in her few fine clothes of a Sunday or fête day, was killed two years ago.

He wasn't a typical poilu, for his huge, powerful head, with a chin like a Pennsylvania coal-miner's, was crowned with long curls of coal-black hair. His broad shoulders would have smashed through a football line on any gridiron. And, judging from the neighbors' accounts, he was a big, jolly, happy-go-lucky French boy of 26 who slipped away from here in the night time four years ago after kissing each of his three babies goodnight and hugging tight the petite dame and kneeling down with her beside their monstrous canopied bed—tons les deux praying that all would be well before it was time for the next little baby to come.

La fête rouge was only six then, and there were only three. She's ten now, and has another little sister. The poilu's prayer was answered, and the petite dame seems happy.

As for la fête rouge, this noon after mess she showed me something that looked like a grammar school diploma which read that Miss Harriet Sheridan of Cheyenne, Wyoming, Etats-Unis, had adopted Gilberte Lalande for one year. The petite dame thinks Miss Harriet Sheridan must be très gentille, and then she asks most innocently if all the women in l'Amérique are like Miss Sheridan.

Now it would be asking too much of France to find two red-headed, freckle-faced kids in the same family, but there are three more babies who are sisters of that red-headed, freckle-faced, pug-nosed, pig-tailed kid—that tiny bit of concentrated easy-at-hand American girlhood. Comprenez-vous?

Pvt. Ray T. Tucker, Inf.

ONE VERSION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

After reading your graphic account of the first battle of the Marne in the issue of September 6, it seems to me that the situation was about this:

Marshall Joffre was playing quarterback, directing the French team. It was Germany's ball on France's five-yard line. The Crown Prince, or somebody, fumbled, and it was France's ball again.

Then Marshal Joffre gave his famous "Hold 'em!" order, and the line stiffened. He shouted a string of numbers, and Generals Manoury and Castlenau, left right ends respectively, darted out toward the side lines, drawing the German ends and tackles out with them, and forcing the German guards to play out from the center so as to try to cover the French tackles too. "Look out for a kick!" hollered the German quarter, running back a bit. And then Marshall Joffre sent General Foch, his great plunging full-back, right through the German center for a 35-yard gain. Result: France's ball on her own 40-yard line, on the Aisne.

As far as I can figure out, the ball has been since then in France's territory, and Germany didn't get within kicking distance of the goal—which was and is Paris—until this last spring, and then only because she had a long-range dropkicker in the person of Krupp, a new man from the Essen Prep school. Even Krupp tries at it, I am told, all bounced off the side-posts or the crossbar.

With the new men in the French team—the left side of the line being British and the halfs and full being Yanks, with Foch, captain, at quarter—it looks good to me for our side to carry the ball well into Germany's territory before the end of this, the third quarter. If we could inflict penalties on Germany for unnecessary roughness and offside play, we'd have the ball back there now. And I look for a touchdown and goal early in the fourth.

I know you haven't got a sport page any more, but perhaps my explanation may be of some help to such lowbrows as myself who have to get things in terms of football.

Respectfully yours,

Ex-Fan.

MUSIC FOR A. E. F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

You will no doubt be interested to learn that in addition to my regular distribution of popular music for band, orchestra and sheet music for piano and voice, I am now sending to music lovers in the A.E.F. an Army and Navy song book which I have succeeded in interesting the McKinley Publishing Company to publish. The folio contains 30 selections which have all been popularized here in this country within the last month, and is a dandy. Copies will be sent to America's fighting musicians upon request.

Don't forget the address, please—79 Hamilton Place, New York City.

Miss Ray C. Sawyer.

New York City.

FROM IOWA

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Have received copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES from our dear Daddy in France. How jolly well our brave boys must appreciate reading this paper. It seems so like them and we at home feel that we are nearer them when we can read the same paper. My copies have been worn to shreds from so many readers. Everyone is so anxious to see them.

Wishing THE STARS AND STRIPES success.

Grace B. Stockberger,

Ottumwa, Iowa.

HE LIKES M. P.'S

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

I am enclosing copy of a letter which was received by one of the officers of my command from a member of his company who had been pretty badly wounded in the recent fighting, and who was in the hospital at the time of writing.

In my opinion the fighting spirit of the American soldier in France and his attitude towards personal suffering and sacrifice are splendidly exemplified in his letter, and it is requested that it be published in your columns for the edification of our Army and our people at home.

Brig.-Gen., U.S.A.

Dear Friend Lt. ——:

Well, old friend, thought maybe you would like to know how I am coming so will drop you a few lines. I am feeling fine, just got my leg dressed, had a fine breakfast, also some good cigarettes. Now you will have to excuse this writing as I am on my back. I don't think I will have much chance of going to the front again as they had to amputate said leg. In fact, I think I am bound for Blighty; sounds good, doesn't it?

I was lucky getting off the field so soon; they picked me up in about 15 or 20 minutes after I was hurt and carried me about two miles to dressing station. Capt. ——(Surgeon) was with me all the way in. There they tried to set my leg, and put me in an ambulance and took me to a R.C. field hospital. There I nearly went under from loss of blood. At that place they amputated.

I found out what M.P.'s are good for; six of them gave me some of their blood. I have been in two hospitals since, but think I will stay here until I go home. Do you want me to stop in Rochester on my way? If so, let me know. How are all the boys? Give them my best and tell them that I sure would like to see some of them. Give Capt. Mac and Lts. B. and G. my regards. Well, as I am getting tired will close. Give all the boys my love, and tell them to give them Hell for me.

Your friend,

John Northrup.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Allow me to suggest as a better slogan than "going over the top," "going pig-sticking."

The Terrible Dane, — Engrs.

SAVING

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having been in a position to see the vast amount of waste material in the A.E.F. throughout the different camps and depots, I would like to make the suggestion of forming a waste department, or what we used to call the boneyard.

In civil life I was employed by one of the largest manufacturing firms in the States, looking after all their waste and inspecting it. We formed what we called a boneyard. Everything, before it was thrown away, had to go through this department. I don't see why they could not have such a department in the A.E.F. in each and every camp. It would save the Government thousands of dollars and much tonnage.

In the following paragraphs I will cite a few cases of material destroyed which could have been utilized.

In the uncrating of material the boards are invariably removed in such a manner as to make them useless for any other purpose than firewood. If nails pullers were used and care taken, these boards could all be saved and used to some good purpose; the same with all boxes, which are in most cases destroyed and burnt up. I don't think there is a nail puller in the A.E.F.

I notice all around the camp I am in at least 100 large galvanized cans each the size of a barrel. They take up a lot of tonnage space, as in shipping them the covers are wired on and all that space lost. There must be thousands of such cans all over France. They are used for waste paper and garbage cans. A wooden box perhaps wouldn't do for reasons of fire: I know of no other reason why the cans are used. The Q.M. is destroying tin lined boxes every day that could be used for that purpose and save a lot of shipping space.

Speaking of waste paper, all could be used for fire pulp and save a lot of coal and wood.

I have seen in the Q.M. sales department large tin boxes that tobacco is shipped in thrown out on the trash heap. These could be used for many purposes, as they are two feet square or larger by three feet high. A tinsmith would cut them up and use them for a good many things.

Burlap bags are cut open with a knife instead of undoing the top. I have seen men, in using cement, simply cut the bag.

One other thing I would like to speak about is the unloading of hay from cars. The men simply untie the ropes, holding the tarpaulins on one side of the car, letting the tarpaulins fall on the opposite side of the car. Now the point is this: The men switching the cars around the yards never look after these things, so when the engine hooks on the tarpaulin drags on the ground and is run over by the wheels. I have seen as many as five cut in one string of cars, and it is safe to say that there are five a day cut all over France. Five tarpaulins a day at $20 each makes $36,500 a year, not to mention the tonnage.

Reader, — Engrs.

THE GOLD STAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Having received copies of your paper through my brother, Sergeant Carl Thoete, Co. D, — Engrs., who was recently killed in action, I have wanted so often to express my appreciation for the keen enjoyment I have received from reading THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Perhaps it will be of interest to you to know of a little experience which has recently happened regarding the distribution of the paper for the big cause which we are all co-workers in.

Several days past I was in the company of several women active in war work, when THE STARS AND STRIPES was mentioned by some one who had seen a copy. As I was receiving the copies quite regularly and also realized full well how we were exerting every bit of energy for our boys, I decided that they could have my copies of your paper, and whatever amount they might realize on their sale would be turned into the wool fund for enabling us to increase our subscriptions for purchasing wool for the knitted garments which are so appreciated by all in the service. Four copies have already raised the wool fund several dollars more.

Although the sense of separation was very keen, for I treasure the papers so much, still they are accomplishing something so worth while that I wanted you to know of their loving mission.

Those of us who have our gold starred service flags realize all the more that there is so much we can do to carry on. Though I cannot take Brother's place in the trenches, I can do a bit here, especially when there is such perfect unity and co-operation everywhere about us.

Leona Ott,

Santa Barbara, California.